

SATURDAY, AUGUST 28, 1909

THE democratic state officers are trying to claim credit for everything that happens under the Hadley administration. That is, at least, an assurance that Governor Hadley is properly managing the business affairs of the state.

WHY is it we do not hear any more controversy and hurrah about closing the saloons on Sunday and making them obey the law? The saloon keepers have been made to understand that the present administration plays no favorites, but enforces the law against all alike.

SENATOR STONE said, in a Kansas City interview, that former Gov. Folk and Gov. Hadley have a great desire for publicity. These two gentlemen will probably be able to receive this criticism with complacency when they contemplate that they do not have to get into a fight with a negro waiter over a drink of whiskey in order to get their names in the papers.

It would be hard to imagine a more contemptible and cowardly course than that pursued by the St. Louis Republic, the Kansas City Post and a few other democratic newspapers in waiting till Governor Hadley had left the state for a short vacation and then beginning a series of attacks upon him. The governor, however, was equal to the occasion and promptly nailed the misrepresentations these papers were trying to circulate concerning him. He showed by the records that all he had tried to do was to induce the election commissioners in Kansas City to give the people an honest election, and that he had forced them somewhat reluctantly to do so. This democratic plot has plainly proven a boomerang.

On the 16th of this month one hundred and fifty coal oil inspectors lost their jobs and Rush C. Lake, as state coal inspector, with several assistants, is now doing what they were supposed to do. The new coal oil inspection law is one of the few good measures Governor Hadley was able to induce the democratic senate to agree to, and the only reason it agreed to that measure was that it would deprive the governor of the privilege of appointing one hundred and fifty republicans to office. The result will be that the state will receive about \$100,000 in fees where it has been receiving but \$6,000 to \$7,000; and yet the democratic newspapers are charging that Governor Hadley is a partisan politician who is trying to build up a political machine.

BUT two elections have been held since Governor Hadley became governor—one in St. Louis and one in Kansas City—and they were the first elections held in either city where there was no charge of fraud or complaint by either side. This result was accomplished by Governor Hadley advising the police and election commissioners that he would hold them responsible for anything short of an honest election. How strange it seems to have an election in St. Louis without outrages by Butler "Indians" and an election in Kansas City without frauds by Shannon "Rabbits." The people of these cities have come into a new order of things, and it has been so simply and quietly effected that they have hardly realized what has happened.

Many a man who brags about his ability and independence cannot put on a clean shirt unless his wife gets it for him and pets the buttons in.

POST-MORTEM FOR DRUNKARDS

Search Brains and Hob-Nailed Livers Would Tell Their Own Stories to Youth

Thomas Bodine in the Paris Mercury.

"Why don't you ever give us any more temperance lectures in the Scrap Bag," asked a friend recently, and the question was not an easy one to answer. The chief reason has been a growing impatience with men who saturate their bodies with booze, burn out the fine fiber of their natures, and put all their life into the mouth of a bottle. It has been the fear of saying extreme things, which alone seem pertinent. Some of the most lovable men we know drink, some little, some much, but, be it little or much, the practice is wrong, all wrong. About one man out of twenty, by reason of inherited debility, deficient circulation or other physiological causes is benefited by alcohol and needs it. The rest of us, buttressed with sound bodies and blessed with good health, have absolutely no excuse for the practice in which we indulge. Every bit of alcohol taken into a normal and healthy human body acts as a poison. A drop a day lessens muscular action perceptibly, and the smallest quantity, while at first quickening mental activity, in the end inhibits, dulls and stupefies. This is the experience of the moderate drinker, so-called, as well as that of his too bibulous brother. Every time a drunkard dies in a community, a post-mortem should, is possible, be held over his body, and all the boys in the town given a clinical demonstration on the actual evils of drink. They should be made to examine the stomach with its ulcers and hideous sores, the hard and shrunken liver that could no longer do its work and the shriveled-up kidneys that filled his blood with poison and his bones with pain. They should be made to dig into the poor, burned tissues, look at the enlarged prostate at the base of the bladder, the rectal ulcers, and told of the exquisite agony they caused in life. Then the skull should be stripped and the once fine tracery of the brain, now burned and flabby, laid bare. In this beautiful house of dreams, they should be told, once dwelt God and a human soul, and with them were strength and purity. From it, day and night, on the wings of fancy they sallied forth on high enterprises, mounted the skies and vaulted the arched universe. And Love dwelt there with them, and Peace and a divine Content. But all were gone, and only the empty chambers, their traceries scorched and charred, peopled with sears and haunted with regrets, remained. Such temperance lectures would do more good in a fortnight than all our present hysteria would do in half a century. There is nothing lasting or permanent to be gotten out of sentimentalizing. If I had a boy I doubt if I should allow him to listen to a stereotyped temperance lecture, for no other cause than for fear it might incite him to try that which was so much talked about and so strictly forbidden. I might go with him to the saloon, and as the rounders came in point them out. I might say something like this by way of admonition:

"My son, see that old bloot lifting a glass of whiskey to his mouth with hands that shake as if palsied—get up close to him and look him over. He stinks, and the odor is most offensive. It is uraemia, and comes from overworked kidneys that have dried up in the attempt to sewer off the barrels of alcoholic poison he has consumed in his lifetime. He sprints every now and then, and that is the pain from

pressure on an enlarged prostate. His flesh quivers and his eyes are dim. His bones ache and his thoughts are nebulous and hazy. In a year he will die terribly of uraemic poisoning, but others will have to care for him and do the most degrading service. His bed will reek with the faintish odor that now sickens you. Yet his flesh was once as clean, as firm and as sweet as your own. His end is that of every man who keeps his hide popping with whiskey.

"The young chap there, with puffs under his eyes and flesh greasy and perspiring, is a slopper of 'suds.' On hot days he smells like a livery stable or a hartshorn factory. His hands are puffed and fat, his liver has hobnails on it, and his stomach is as indecently distended as that of a bullfrog. He has intestinal trouble now; exercise tires him quickly, and his muscles are soft and flaccid. Note how he looks in the mirror of the back bar and rubs his sleek jowls. Alcoholics have physiological peculiarities as marked as those of the dope fiend. Catch the absent look in his eyes, his careless and untidy appearance, and then note the clean, fresh, well-groomed bar-keeper, who never drinks.

"The middle-aged man there, lean and emaciated, who is in a maudlin manner, has been saying the same thing over for an hour without being conscious of the fact, is a confirmed and helpless alcoholic. His brain is burned out and his stomach is a festering blister. He has two children, one of whom is a nervous wreck, the other a paralytic. God gave you a clean and sweet and strong body, my son, and life is a fight even with all of one's strength and faculties conserved. Will you treat that body as these men have treated theirs? Will you dull your wits, weaken your muscles, deaden your sympathies, kill your honor and render yourself unfit for the struggle that is before you? Do you covet the final and crushing humiliation of seeing your friends successful and happy, while you dribble health, life and money away, and pour poison down your throat from the mouth of a bottle? If you do, I know of no law that can save you. The most eloquent, forceful and comprehensive temperance lecture I have ever heard consisted of three short Anglo-Saxon words and was uttered by a bartender in a big city after having tried in vain to sober up one of the most brilliant and promising men in the state. It was—

"D—n a fool!"

Reeves Is Census Supervisor

Milan Republican.

The friends of C. W. Reeves were pleased when last Saturday the announcement was made through the press that he had been appointed supervisor of the census in this, the second congressional district.

While it has been known here for some time that his appointment was likely, nothing is certain till landed and all felt better when the good job was landed by one of Sullivan county's worthy republicans.

The position is quite a lucrative and responsible one, as the supervisor has entire control of the work in this congressional district, embracing the counties of Sullivan, Grundy, Livingston, Linn, Chariton, Carroll, Randolph and Monroe, having a population of over 200,000.

The enumerators who will take the lists will be appointed by the supervisor and there will be at least one for each township and where the township is populous, more. The work of the supervisor will begin in the fall, probably in October, and continue till sometime next summer. The remuneration will be about \$2,000, depending on

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the population.

Mr. Reeves is well fitted for this work and his appointment is recognition of loyal party service and his business ability. Everyone will rejoice that the honor comes to Sullivan county.

Clarence Irwin, another Sullivanite, received the appointment in the district in which Jefferson City is situated.

Five Per Cent Money to Loan

in any sum on improved Linn county farms, with privilege to pay all or any part at interest date. No delay; money paid when papers are signed. See me before you place your loan. C. S. HOTALING, Linn, Mo.

Many a chicken-hearted man acts like a goose.

The first conviction under the new law prohibiting drinking liquor on trains was secured by Prosecuting Attorney Fair in Squire Lewis's court at Jamesport Saturday. Julian Edwards was evicted from a Rock Island passenger train at Jamesport, arrested, found guilty and fined \$10. He was taken to the county jail at Gallatin to serve out the time. This is one of the most important laws passed by the recent legislature which went into effect one week ago Sunday night.

Where to Pay

This is to inform my friends that my horse books are deposited with the Allen-Benson Banking Company for collection. Please behave accordingly. C. B. DAGGER.